

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

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GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, Publisher.

The Paper That Does Things

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AUGUST 24, 1916.

SLOUGHING.

"Do you know why so many men are narrow-chested and weak?" asks Captain Koehler, physical director of West Point academy. "It is because they have never given themselves a chance to breathe, and have never given their muscles enough exercise."

"It doesn't take much time or effort," he adds, "to turn a weakling into a sturdy man or woman, especially in early life. Ten or fifteen minutes of 'setting up exercise' in the morning and a walk every day—not necessarily a long one, but one in which you march briskly like a soldier, with your head and chest up and your shoulders back—will work wonders."

The exercise, he suggests, is about half the game, and the posture the other half. Soldiers are notoriously more healthy than civilians. Cadets in military and naval academies show a better average of health than young men in high schools and colleges where there is no compulsory physical training. And it is due chiefly to their standing up straight enough to give their physical organs a chance to work, taking enough exercise to keep their muscles in good tone, and breathing enough to purify their blood.

Physical sloughing is the root of a vast amount of ill health, not only because the posture is bad in itself, but because it cramps the lungs and encourages a lethargic habit of mind and body. Standing erect is itself a physical and moral "bracer," leading naturally to deep breathing and wholesome exercise. Don't slouch.

"NOT YET, BUT SOON," MAYBE!

Mr. C. Hughes, republican nominee for "viceroys of the German emperor"—made perhaps the most brilliant speech of his career out in San Francisco. He put us wise to a lot of things that we may not have noticed. Particularly interesting among these, was his defense of the republican party and the public challenge that talk about the Wilson administration surrounding itself in the departments, and in the diplomatic and consular service with democrats, was really a worse criticism of the republicans who through sixteen years had furnished a whole army of precedents. Either Mr. Hughes has a keener sense of humor than we had thought of him, or else he is a blamed fool. Catch this:

"They tell us that the republicans as well as the democrats have made raids on the civil service, politicizing it through appointments as party rewards. This is true of the past, but they're not doing it any more."

No, and if the country is wise, they will not set a chance for another four years to do it again. The people realize that they are not doing it any more, Mr. Hughes, not since March 4th, 1913, which is the day that William Howard Taft was forced to let up on it—without taking Henry Lane Wilson, Nelson O'Shaughnessy, E. Dana Durand, and a few other such of his heavy weight appointees with him. And then to prove the superior virtue of his party on the point, he reverted back to his speech of acceptance, eulogizing the republican leadership and their "fitness to rule," with this one:

"The party of Lincoln is restored, alert, effective, and ready to move forward to reclaim its former hold on our national affairs."

"Its former hold," eh? It was "true of the past, but they're not doing it any more," that is, not yet, but soon—if they can but have the chance. Aside from which, let us study the constituent parts of this restored "party of Lincoln," and see if there is any body in it to whom the spoils system, with the republicans in power, would be very likely to be offensive. According to the press reports, which are most interesting to people of Indiana, these were the front stage sent representatives at the great "down east" love feast, typifying the revival of the spirit of Abraham Lincoln in American politics, viz:

Theodore Roosevelt, the man who put the bull in the moose; George W. Perkins, the man who feeds the bull; Bill Flynn of Pennsylvania; Boise Penrose and W. Murray Crane, who need neither introduction nor credentials; Reed Smoot, the gent from Utah; Sen. Albert B. Fall of New Mexico, who owns mines in Mexico, and told "our candidate" some things to say that ought to help the owners of Mexican concessions; our own William Holton Dye of Noblesville, who promised to force Charles W. Fairbanks off the republican ticket and who got the can tied to him by the Indiana progressives; Clarence Martin, John F. Lawrence and W. J. Whitaker, the other three members of William Holton Dye's republican progressive league of Indiana; Joe Keating and Jim Hemenway, who are known down east as leaders of the republican party in Indiana, and who assured the New Yorkers that Fairbanks was going to run ahead of Hughes in Indiana because he is "so popular with the progressives;" Fred Sims, Jim Goodrich and—but what's the use?

Certainly it makes a truly progressive American swell

with pride when any of these names are mentioned. They all remind one so much of Abraham Lincoln.

But at the truly true Abraham Lincoln revival, it seems strange that certain names were not mentioned. For instance, Henry Lane Wilson, press agent for the Wall st. holders of Mexican concessions, surely should have been there, for has not Henry Lane Wilson said over his own signature, "I told Woodrow Wilson what to do in the Mexican situation and had he done it, he would have made no mistakes." When Henry Lane, however, became too active in Mexican politics, the diplomatic and consular service had to get along without him. The muse of the "can" which Woodrow tied to Henry Lane has been somewhat modulated by Candidate Hughes as he assails the president for removing such awfully heavy and clever diplomats from the service.

Under the direction of Joe Keating—Jim Hemenway—Murray Crane—Boies Penrose—Charles Hughes League of Honor, Henry Lane is now publishing all he knows, including official correspondence which passed between himself and his government while he was in the service. This serves as a demonstration that he was a thoroughly fit man and should have been retained. Mr. Hughes, we suppose, would have retained him.

Other persons who were not mentioned as being present on the stage in New York, but who may have been overlooked by the reporters, were those other great disciples of Lincoln—Jim Watson and Harry New, but surely they were there. Nothing like "spoils" could ever have been dreamed of in a crowd like that.

FIGHTING LABOR WITH NEW WEAPONS.

An extraordinary action against union labor has been undertaken by four manufacturing concerns of Bridgeport, Conn. In order to defeat a molders' strike which has inconvenienced them, they have brought suit against the strikers for \$200,000. Moreover, they have taken steps to attach the strikers' union funds, bank accounts and homes by way of guaranteeing that the judgment, if they obtain it, will be paid.

This last step may be viewed with incredulity elsewhere. It is made possible by Connecticut laws which sanction the attachment of a defendant's property prior to judgment, and even allow the arrest and imprisonment of the defendant until he discloses his holdings or furnishes bond for the amount.

There are altogether 300 striking molders, affecting eight foundries. Only four of the foundries are represented in the suits filed, and the suits are directed against only about half a hundred workmen. Every bank and trust company in the city has been served with a legal notice that it must reveal any money it may have belonging to the union or any of the defendant members. The union's strike benefits have been attached and a check for \$1,000 sent to the union from the national headquarters at Cincinnati, has been seized.

The manufacturers insist that they have an actionable case against their employees because of the losses they have sustained from the strike, and particularly from the picketing which has prevented the replacement of the strikers by new men. They base their hopes of success largely on the celebrated Danbury haters' case, in which a \$252,000 judgment was awarded against the haters' union. The two cases, however, seem to have little in common. The haters were found guilty of a national boycott which the court declared to be in restraint of trade and therefore punishable under the Sherman act. The present case seems to be wholly local, and no different from any ordinary strike.

The defendants do not seem to have broken any law. It is legal to organize a union in Connecticut, as anywhere else. It is legal for a union to strike. It is legal, having struck, for union men to do picket duty, so long as they do it peacefully. Only once have these men come into collision with the authorities. It was a case of mixup between two strikers and two strike-breakers, and the police judge fined each of the four participants \$10.

The strikers are asking for higher pay and a nine-hour day, maintaining that they are paid less and work longer than molders in other cities.

These suits are likely to become famous. And they are sure, whether they are won or lost by the manufacturers, to arouse intense bitterness among union men everywhere. The plaintiffs frankly say that their object is to discourage strikes and prevent picketing. Thus they attack by civil process two things reckoned vital to the rights of labor and thus far upheld by law in every community in America. The progress of the case will be watched with keen interest by capital and labor alike.

MAKES SOCIETY SHUDDER.

Infantile paralysis—so called—is taking to adults in New York in a manner which is puzzling the medical fraternity.

The death of Mrs. Copeland Page, a prominent personage and a 22-year-old bride, and the death of other adults from the mysterious disease have shocked New York clear down to Fifth av.

As long as the dread epidemic ravaged the children alone, and particularly those of the tenement districts, it was a matter to be deplored and stopped as quickly as possible. Now that it is getting so all-Bred familiar with grown folks, and is overstepping its proper social bounds, New York loudly demands that it be stopped more quickly than appears possible. Poor old Gotham is paying for its years of willful neglect of the disease breeding tenement districts. South Bend might find a lesson in it.

REAL POLITE.

Well! Well! The chairman of the republican national committee is the "politest" man we have read about since the Alphonse and Gaston days.

Mr. Wilcox, "through politeness to Pres't Wilson," has changed the itinerary of Mr. Hughes to avoid a speaking collision with Pres't Wilson in Lexington, Ky., on Sept. 1.

But—but—he puts Mr. Hughes in Lexington "after" the president has spoken.

Is it possible that—but, shucks, of course not.

We opine, gentle reader, that there may be a whole lot of loyal fans in the republican grandstand, who stood up and wildly whooped when Pitcher Hughes went into the box at the beginning of the great national game now being staged, who will, in about the third inning, be yelling just as loudly, "He ain't got nothin'." Take him out!

We shall have to put that sub-sea liner Bremen along with Pancho Villa in the list of baffling now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't mysteries.

The Pacific Mail company has resumed its trans-Pacific service, and the Pacific ocean isn't going to be turned into a Japanese pond after all.

Life Along Border
Not As Dark As
Has Been Painted

Indications are multiplying rapidly that the convincing of the contentment of national guardmen along the Mexican border. Letters come daily to establish this fact.

One published below is illustrative. It was sent direct to Pres't Wilson and has just been released by the army censor, Major Douglas MacArthur. It was written by a private in Co. F, first Iowa Infantry, stationed at San Benito, Tex., and tells its own story. The name of the writer was withheld but it is certain that he is worthy to be a soldier of his country when a crisis calls. The letter follows:

"Hon. Dear Sir—It is most unusual that a private should take the liberty of addressing the president, and I would not do so except that certain newspapers, newspapermen, and a very few soft-handed guardmen have created a series of wild yarns regarding our alleged mistreatment in the mobilization camps."

"I am both a soldier and a newspaper man, and I believe most firmly that never have soldiers of any country been better treated than we have been; that never before have men joining the service of their country found their health and general well-being so carefully looked after. And in the light of all this care and attention, it does seem to me only right that I should bear witness for my own part to the truth of the situation. I cannot understand why any protest of mistreatment should be made, except that it may be that it has been found that an occasional cold meal or the digging of a ditch for sanitary reasons can be turned into excellent political material by those who do not greatly care what they say."

Life for Red-Blooded Men.
"But, as a matter of cold, hard fact, the men of the guard are leading now just the sort of lives that young men with red blood in their veins would like to lead."

"It's up at the dawn for us as the clear notes of the bugle peal, and then it's into line for morning exercise. And afterwards comes the first meal of the day—breakfast. Coffee, steaming hot, bacon and army beans and good white bread. Then we police up our quarters, clean up, and a few minutes afterward we fall in for a drill or a hike."

"After drill comes rest, and then mess. Afterwards there is another drill in the afternoon, or possibly there is some ditching to be done about the camps, and we fall to with spades and picks. When it's that sort of work, the men are divided into two or three reliefs, and each relief digs for so many minutes, and then rests. After perspiration which results from this surely hurts no one."

"Then follows a brief rest period, during which we visit the excellent shower baths and bathe in their white spray. Then comes mess, and afterwards 'retreat,' during which we stand at attention as the solemn, ever glorious old notes of our national air are played. The men are then dismissed and are free to go about the camp, to write home or do anything else in reason."

Glad of Chance to Serve.

"And then, at 10 o'clock, it's 'taps,' and the cool stars gleam from a cloudless Texas sky upon the rows and rows of pale tents."

"These are the real conditions under which we, of the new citizen army, live. Could conditions be more ideal? Could any young man enjoy anything finer?"

"Those of us who compose the great majority of the guard do not think so, and I feel that I voice the spirit of that great majority when I extend thanks for this opportunity of service."

"So far we have been called upon to give only little. The sacrifice of our time from our jobs at home is small, indeed, compared to the great sacrifice the men in Europe have been called upon to make. If we are called upon to make similar sacrifices we hope to be able to make them gladly and freely for the things we have been taught to hold dear."

"And, in the light of the willingness and cheerfulness of all the young men, who are enjoying this experience, who are being looked after so carefully, it did seem to me that a private citizen-soldier might raise his voice against the cracking noise of a few malcontents and self-seekers who have sought to give all sorts of erroneous impressions of the things that really are."

Georgian Finds All Well.

Maj. MacArthur also made public the text of a letter written Aug. 7, by the father of a Georgia guardsman to a third party, and forwarded to Society of War Bakers, as follows:

"I see by the papers that the customary crop of critics is complaining at the administration of the war department and its treatment of the militia. It has occurred to me that the secretary of war may be interested to know that the Georgia troops are in fine spirits and prospering in every way. I went to Camp Harris a few days after they were concentrated there, and personally inspected the cooking arrangements and other camp facilities, and I was delighted with the situation."

"I have a boy, 19 years old, who enlisted in the fifth Georgia regiment and is now in camp. He came here last night on a 36-hour furlough. He has gained 14 pounds while in camp and reports to me that everything there, especially the food, is as nearly perfect as could be asked. He seems delighted with the situation, and says that practically every man in the Georgia brigade feels the same way about it. There are a few critics there, as you will find everywhere, but I am sure that there is no ground for criticizing the war department, at least as far as concerns the Georgia troops."

THE MELTING POT

FILLED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

THE CONTROVERSY.

The artist and the artisan once warmly disagreed. They used up air and language with considerable speed. The artist cried: "My work is on a higher, nobler plane! I put some wings upon the soul, some zinger in the brain; While you are but a phillistine, a lowbrow coarse and crude, Creating houses, bridges, barns, fur overcoats and food."

The artisan replied: "It makes me dreadful tired, by gum. To hear you blow your own cornet and beat your own bass drum! I fatten you with bread and meat; I clothe your wife in silk; I set behind your kitchen door your daily quart of milk. You've lived upon my bounty since the day that you were born, And now you have the mighty nerve to lift your nose in scorn!"

But human nature is a thing which we cannot revise. We cannot make it tolerant, reflective, deep or wise. If there is any single thing the brother loves to do, It is to sit and listen to his personal bazaar; And by the sculptures of the air his teeth and tongue have wrought The world knows all about his incapacity for thought.

A. B. B.

When Ensign Green who had been lost in the Arctic regions for three years arrived at Copenhagen we suppose the first question put to him was, "Is it hot enough for you?"

We notice by the papers that a \$250,000,000 bond issue is being advertised by United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which seems to us to be rubbing it in on Ireland.

A TRUE STORY.

The editor's family was starving. There was not a crumb of bread in the house. The editor's wife sat wringing her hands. What was she to do. Suddenly a voice floated in from the distance. It said, Bodiless-rags-rags-rags-rags. She had an inspiration. She collected all the old paper around the house and that evening after the family had enjoyed a big meal, they went riding in their new henry.

WHERE IT BEGAN.

When David met Goliath. He took one healthy swing. And killed the big bruiser. With his deadly sling. He then turned to the crowd. Addressed the short and tall. "The bigger they are," he said, "The harder they fall."

Humanity's great weakness is the desire to predict. That little old word "if," is always way up in the front rank.

THE LIFE OF JAKE HECKAMAN.

Vol. 2, Chapter 10.
Lloyd Green, who sells auto insurance & also live insurance, had his auto stole from out in front of the farmers trust block Tuesday. Lloyd is feeling pretty blue as a result. Mister Heckaman, the subject of this sketch, who owns a henry, aint never had no such worries as this. Bill Lamport has returned from a fishing trip to Wisconsin. While their Fred Reed who works down to Hardys the same as bill does, had a formal order made out to Mister Lamport demanding that he deliver to Hardys at once 500 head of bass. Mister Lamport was greatly embarrassed by the order & came back with a reply to the effect that he would not be able to fill it at this time, being busy as a B. makin munitions of war for the allies. Purty keen stuff from

IS THE END IN SIGHT?

(Waterbury, Conn., Democrat.)
Drawing to its close every one believes, but the date and the terms of peace are as much a matter of guesswork as ever. The war might end much earlier than anticipated, provided some great event occurred tending in that direction. It is to be hoped that prognostications that the end will come with the new year will prove correct; but such anticipations are almost too good to be true, and the struggle is quite likely to be carried into the coming year, judging by present resisting power of the Germans. The latter will in some respects grow in strength as their forces contract and fall back upon undevastated country, supplied with good railroad service and nearer the source of supplies. On the other hand, as the allies press forward they leave behind them nothing but chaos, their supplies

become more and more distant, and traffic routes will be temporarily demoralized. Hence should the allies continue their present rate of success, real progress for them will become more and more difficult as the armies move forward. Last week marked the second anniversary of the war. Conditions have vastly changed during the interval. At the beginning the Germans were overwhelmingly on the aggressive. Now the central powers are on the defensive and driven back in every direction, while allied preparedness is becoming overwhelming on every side. Thus far the cost of the war to all the belligerents has been over \$40,000,000,000, and about \$1,300,000,000 of this amount has been raised by loans in the United States, as expected by Kitchener, the outlay will run up to between \$6 and \$7 billions; a sum utterly beyond ordinary comprehension. Peace still seems a long way off, and when hostilities cease months must elapse before any treaty of peace will be actually signed.

RAINIER NATIONAL PARK

WASHINGTON

"Easily King of All — is Mt. Rainier"

—So says the United States Geological Survey.

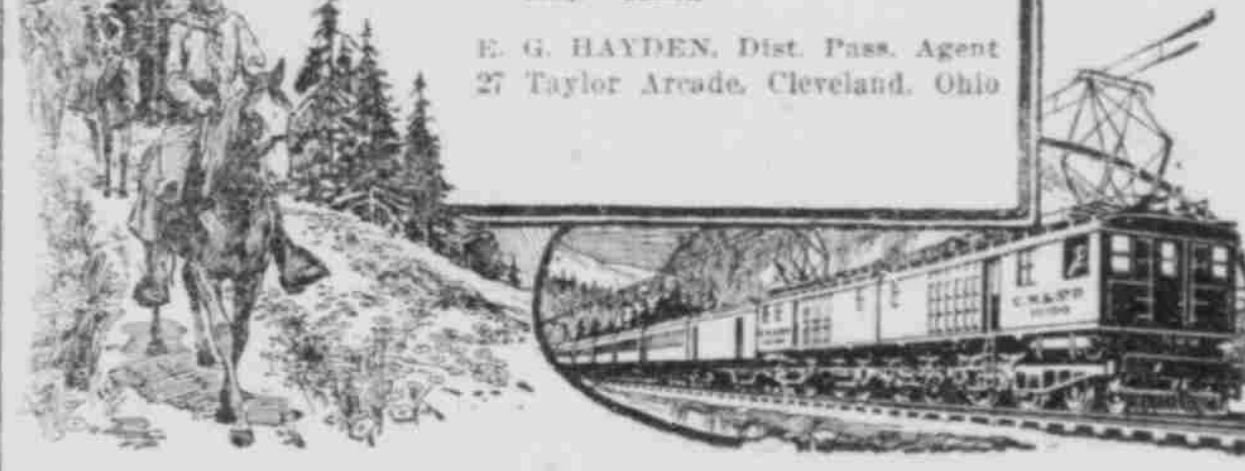
Here is a grandeur and sublimity of scenery unlike anything else on the continent—incomparable glaciers proceeding from the slopes of stupendous Mt. Rainier, giant trees, rising to a height of 300 feet and more and acres of gorgeous Alpine flowers—all these wonders within a few hours of twometropolitan centers—Seattle and Tacoma.

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